The YOUNG VIRGIN's

GARLAND,

Containing Four New SONGS.

1. The Young Virgin.
2. Young Colin.
3. The Unexpected Revenge.
4. The Vindication.

Sold by *M. Viner*, and *M. Nailor*, in *Briſtol*; *W. Williams*, in *Monmouth*; *J. Blunt*, in *Roſs*; *H. Price*, in *Kington*; *P. Hodges*, in *Hereford*; *W. Watts*, and *J. Bence*, in *Wotton-Underedge*; and *M. Cook*, in *Gloceſter*.

THE YOUNG VIRGIN.

A New Song.

Sung by Miſs STEVENSON.

I Am a young Virgin that oft has been told,
I ſhould try to get marry'd before I'm too old:
I took their Advice and got one in my Eye,
Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I ſhall die,
Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I ſhall die.

Young *Thyrſis* is witty, well-featur'd, and tall,
His fellow Swains own that he out-does 'em all:
When firſt I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
I thought I was going that Moment to die, *&c.*

If through the Receſſes of yon ſilent Grove,
Or over the Meadow I happen to rove,

And ſee my dear Shepherd at Diſtance paſs by
I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die, *&c.*

When he plays on his Pipe to the Lambkins around,
I fly to the Place, where I hear the beſt Sound:
Oh! *Thyrſis* ſweet Youth, to myſelf then I cry,
I'd liſten to thee, were I going to die, *&c.*

Laſt *Saturday* Eve, I remember the Day,
I caught him ſaluting *Clarinda* the gay;
That I envy'd each Kiſs, I will not deny,
And fervently pray'd that my Rival might die, *&c.*

Come *Hymen* and lend a young Virgin your Aid,
Who without your Aſſiſtance muſt die an old Maid;
To all my fond Wiſhes, make *Thyrſis* comply,
And if I don't have him I wiſh I may die.
And if I don't have him I wiſh I may die.

YOUNG COLIN.

YOUNG *Colin* ſought my Heart to gain,
The Shepherd loſt in Love ;
Each Morn he woo'd me on the Plain,
Each Noon within the Grove :
Yet my Denial ſtill was this,
Pſhaw Man, I can't endure you !
And If he offer'd but a Kiſs,
Such Rudeneſs ! I'll aſſure you !
Such Rudeneſs ! I'll aſſure you !

For twenty Youths (not him alone)
The am'rous Flame confeſt ;
And had I once been kind to one,
I'm ſure I'd loſt the reſt :
Beſide he us'd no pretty Arts,
While other's talk'd of Flames and Darts :
'I was pretty—I'll aſſure ye !

My Face, my Form, were prais'd aloud,
My Wit new Conqueſts fir'd ;
And 'twas enough to make one proud
To be ſo much admir'd.

At length Reflection ſhew'd the Fate
Such Flatt'ry might procure me;
And Virtue warn'd to ſhun the Bait,
Non vainly—I'll aſſure ye!

I bade the ſighing Train depart;
The Maxim pleas'd to prove,
That Flatt'ry fills the ſenſual Heart,
But Truth the Heart of Love.
Young *Colin* wont in vain to plead,
Of Vanity to cure me;
Now woo'd again, and now indeed,
I lov'd him— I'll aſſure ye!

I blam'd myſelf ſuch Scorn to bear
To Merit now ſo clear;
By my Example learn ye Fair,
To prize the Youth ſincere.
We inſtant join'd the nuptual Tie;
He raptur'd to enſure me:
And truſt me, Damſels, when you try,
'Twill charm ye—I'll aſſure ye!
'Twill charm ye—I'll aſſure ye!

THE
UNEXPECTED REVENGE.

I Never lov'd but one fair Maid,
And ſhe did prove untrue;
Untrue to him who to her paid,
More Love than was her due.
More Love, &c.

Her wand'ring Heart and faithleſs Eyes,
Made many a Shepherd weep;
While all of them ſought for the Prize,
Which none of them could keep.

Ah! ſince 'tis ſo, ye Gods, ſaid I,
Ye righteous Pow'rs above,
Revenge on her my Miſery,
My true but ſlighted Love.

May ſhe know what it is to love,
And fix her wand'ring Heart
On one who will unconſtant prove,
And let her feel the Smart.

So may ſhe love as ſhe made me,
And find the ſame Diſdain;
Since ſhe was pleas'd with Cruelty,
Now may ſhe feel the Pain.

The VINDICATION.

THE wicked Wits, as Fancy hits,
All ſatyrize the Fair,
In Proſe and Rhime, and Strains ſublime,
Their Foibles they declare:
The Kind are bold, the Chaſte are cold,
Theſe prudiſh, thoſe too free;
Curious Men, come tell us then,
What ſhould a Woman be?
What ſhould a Woman be?

But hard's the Taſk, and vain to aſk,
Where Opticks are untrue;
The Muſe ſhall here th' Indicted clear,
And prove the Crimes on you:
The Rake is cloy'd when ſhe's enjoy'd,
On whom his Wiſh was plac'd:
The Fool deny'd, affects the Pride,
And rails to them in Taſte, &c.

But not like theſe, the Men of Bliſs
Their ſure Creation fix;
No; Wiſdom cries, my Sons ariſe
And vindicate the Sex!
'Tis their's to prove thoſe Sweets of Love,
Which others never ſhare;
And Evidence that none of Senſe
But who adore the Fair, &c.

Ye blooming Race, with ev'ry Grace
Celeſtially impreſt!
'Tis your's to quell the Cares that dwell
Within the human Breaſt:
At Beauty's Voice our Souls rejoice,
And Rapture wakes to Birth!
And *Jove* deſigned th' enchanting Kind
To form an Heav'n on Earth, &c.

Oh, ev'ry Art to win the Heart,
Ye dear Inſpirers try!
Each native Charm with Faſhion arm,
And let Love's Light'ning fly:
And hence ye Grave your Counſels ſave,
Which Youth but ſets at Nought;
For Women ſtill will have their Will,
And ſo I think ſhe ought.
And ſo I think ſhe ought.

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